IN THE OPERA'S BUSY OFFICE

CELEBRITIES AS THEY PASS AT THE METROPOLITAN.

Secretaries Who Speak Many Languages and Press Agents Who Enthuse Automatically—Caruso Drops In to Sketch and Others to File Complaints.

A small room which leads from the stage door of the Metropolitan Opera House is not often visited by an outsider. In former years it has been kept closed and admission thereto obtained by a calling card, much parley with the doorkeeper and considerable delay. Now the latchstring is permanently out and sitting inside you can watch a steady stream of vocal and instrumental celebrities who come and go, some tarrying on the way to exchange airy persiflage, and little bits of personal biography are obtained while you ostensibly look over enormous scrap books and excuse your uninvited presence by a suspicious show of industry.

Here sits the business staff, a polyglot secretary who acknowledges the possession of eleven languages and Yiddish, which he asserts is not a language at all but merely sounds. His assistant, who can speak only two, wears a green shade over his eye, the reason for which he does not give unless it is explained by the ambiguous description of the entire establishment as the "international madhouse with branches in Baltimore, Boston and Brooklyn."

The principal seat in the room, at the most crowded desk, is usually occupied by Whiting Allen, temporarily absent on the docks, where a member of the office staff is always to be found throwing bouquets—of speech—at departing prima donnas and welcoming newcomers with choice bouquets—of speech. Scarcely have you had the explanation of the vacant chair when he comes in and in spite of the fact that he has had no breakfast and has stood in the far from balmy breezes of the East River for hours is as enthusiastic as a debutante in her first season at an introduction to a live matinee idol.

"By Jove. She's great and only 17. Had to give her age as 18, though. Don't look it whatever it is."

An attendant attache breaks the ice at the edges of a frozen smile while he restores arrested circulation by gymnastic

THE SHIP MEETING COMMITTEE.

exercises which threaten the safety of the tenants of the tiny room.

"Cutest little thing I ever saw, and I've seen some of 'em in my day."

"Perfect little dream."

"Spanish type—dreamy eyes."

Attaché takes a few steps to the imminent danger of furniture as well as inmates.

"Reminds me of that," he explains when he sees absolute ignorance of its meaning depicted on the faces about.

"Why, you know, 'Beautiful Blue Danube.'"

The secretary, who knows only two languages interrogates. "Why should Spanish maiden, dreamy eyes, remind any one of the Blue Danube?"

You avert geographical explanations by an apt inquiry to which the response is given by a chorus.

"Oh, we're speaking of Elvira. Elvira Hidalgo, you know, the latest prima donna. Just landed. Eighteen months in Europe. Furore in Naples, Milan and Monte Carlo. Exquisite Rosina. Finest coloratura ever."

"Dreamy yes," repeats the attaché, who is thawed now except as to his thoughts, which seem to be permanently frozen into the aforementioned syllables.

At this moment the feverish temperature of the office suddenly falls. Every one turns toward duty and there is no sound to break the oppressive silence except the voice of the typewriter girl, shrill and insistent.

"I can't get an answer from anybody except a ballet girl—a ballet girl."

To this accompaniment enters Alfred Hertz, Wagnerian leader. Mr. Hertz is preternaturally serious. You have a sympathetic feeling that if anything happened to him the whole institution known as the Metropolitan Opera House would go to pieces.

His arms are filled with manuscript pages and he makes direct for the secretary, who pounds out Teutonic syllables to Mr. Hertz's dictation.

While you try not to hear what you wouldn't understand if you did, the hush of the office is deepened, if that were possible. From the corridor comes a whisper which is repeated in the room by the attentive fringe of employees.

"Cas-za-za-za-za-za. Scat. Gat."

Enter Mr. Gatti-Casazza, and the solemnity of Mr. Hertz in comparison with the variety now exhibited is as the hush of a summer afternoon to the calm that in tropic countries precedes the hurricane.

Mr. Gatti-Casazza is better groomed than any of the mere directors or three thousand a night tenors would dare to be. Nothing in the room escapes his eagle glance, and while he appears to be scoring somebody for something in the way of a flabby rehearsal the details of which are lost in the sunny syllables of his native tongue, he also appears to be making mental notes for future use. Before he finishes his speech Mr. Hertz completes his dictation, and leaving the room manages by a wonderful amount of finesse to avoid collision with Mr. Casazza, who nearly fills the entrance space.

After the exit of Mr. Casazza you could hear tenpins fall in the office. Finally somebody takes up a printed pamphlet and reads aloud:

"Think twice before you say anything and then keep quiet." Why don't we have that motto painted for our front door?

The voice of the typewriter girl, which seems like Mr. Strauss's orchestral score to have discovered new and undreamed of terrors in the way of sound:

"Oh, yes, sir; there's been a great run on the box office this morning. Yes, sir, for free seats."

The postman enters with his third delivery of mail. One of the secretaries receives it languidly. He reads some of it aloud.

"Here's a supe wants two dollars more a night."

Chorus of attachés ensemble, with the typewriter girl on the high C: "So do we all."

"Here's a letter from a person in New Jersey who says: 'Will the management of the Opera House give us "Hänsel und Gretel" on March 11 instead of "Aida," as I saw "Aida" last week at the Manhattan? By doing this you will oblige myself and friend."

Ensemble: "Of course we will."

From far away comes a stentorian voice which rings through the halls and stairways, the corridors and adjoining rooms; the voice of *Rudolfo*:

"Fremono dentro l'anima gia le ebrezzo supreme, amor, nel bacio freme."

This is an invitation for a volley of greetings.

"Caruso. 'Ruse. Old Boy. Crs."

Signor Caruso seems to fill the room with the proportions of an old fashioned Franklin stove which he is not unlike in symmetry, and to radiate the same amount of cheer. He does not stop singing a moment, but manages to interpolate answers and questions between the notes of his aria. He hits one man on the back for which he receives a grateful look although to the onlooker the force of the blow must have left a considerable dent. He pokes another in the ribs; still gratitude, and knocks off the hat of a third with the playfulness of a young heifer; still gratitude.

Finally he brushes the press agent from his comfortable chair and throwing back about three yards of Russian sable coat collar, displaying several more yards of chest covered by a scarlet tie, outlying pleats of stiffly starched shirt front and a broadly striped waistcoat, fits himself into the vacated space and announces that he has an inspiration. One of the secretaries throws him a lead pencil, another a rubber eraser which hits him in the eye and a third a wad of paper, cleverly caught by a capacious hand. A timid chorus girl slipping by the door is halted by his command:

"Come here, Ivy."

Ivy comes and clings against the doorjamb.

Caruso draws while the polyglot secretary mutters:

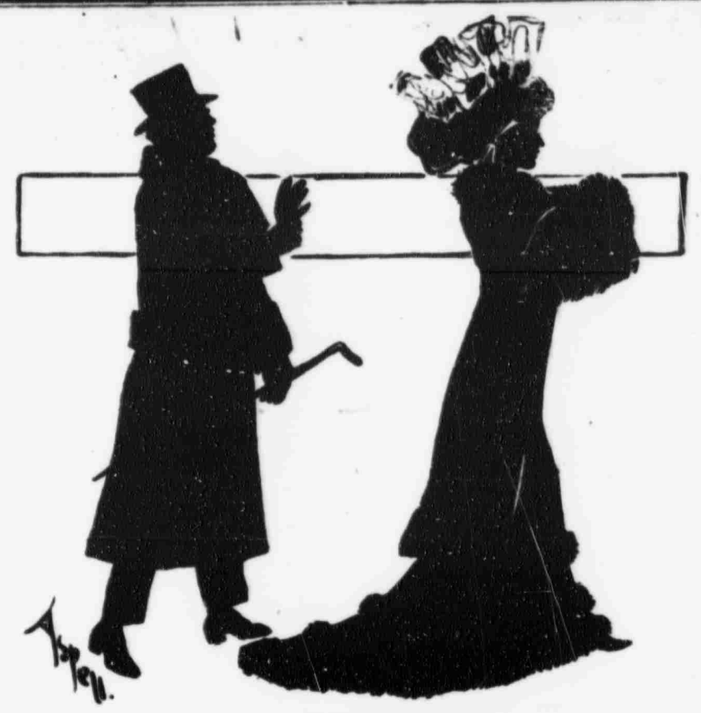
"If I could draw his salary you wouldn't catch me drawing anything else."

Caruso draws while the business of the opera house is suspended and outside the room a crowd gathers to watch and comment in ecstatic admiration. Having finished, the artist flings the completed work toward an outstretched hand which grasps it eagerly and comments on the verisimilitude of the picture hat, the rose in the buttonhole of the jacket, the turban and gollilocks. Ivy clings to it finally having left the protection of the doorjamb for the moment. Caruso pats her on the shoulder with a touch that nearly reduces her to powder, calls her his good model and departs resonantly.

Slézak comes rollicking noisy as Caruso and almost as big. He is waving a telegram just received, addressed simply, "Slézak, the Great Tenor, New York."

Following him comes Bella Alten, plump and pleasing in her tailormade, in becoming sables, a flush of health in her face and her dark eyes sparkling. She too is reading and takes the staff in the office into her confidence.

"They want me to sing for the children to get them milk. Milk is a very good thing for children, but—will you please tell them that I cannot sing—"



ENTER, THE RUSSIAN DANCERS.

"Miss Farrar is going to sing," says some one consulting a book.

Bella Alten takes another view of the situation. "Well, milk is good for children. I suppose it is necessary too. Suppose you tell them I can sing."

"Miss Alten will sing for milk," repeats the secretary as he inscribes the information.

The administrative manager of the Metropolitan ballet school talks to you in a quiet corner, that is, a comparatively quiet corner. He speaks for publication purposes and begs you to print what he says, as he has a mother who loves to see his name in a newspaper.

"We have placed twelve girls for next year. You know we give the girls absolutely free tuition with a contract which calls for a certain percentage of their earnings for two years. As the school depends on this for its financing naturally we consider it a great piece of luck to do so well the very first year. We have only pretty girls and none of them is over 21. It is quite different in this respect from most ballets."

You note while he is speaking Lionel Mapleson dressed as if for a lawn party with a gardenia in his frock coat and following him Egisto Tonga, one of the leaders of the Italian orchestra. Both of them look as if the weather was bad and a voice from the opposite side of the room remarks:

"The man worth while is the man who smiles when everything goes wrong," and an original addendum:

"If a man did that here his smile would become so fixed it wouldn't ever come off. When things go wrong. Gee! Gee! Gee!"

Riccardo Martin passes with an expansive grin which seems called forth by the above remark.

"It's only nervousness," is explained. "Crus had a party the other night and the next day Mr. Martin had to take his place in 'Aida.' He hasn't recovered his 'norm,' but he was all right. Fine! Crus better tie his laurel wreath to his wig."

A lesser celebrity calls your attention to a huge, red lined horn like an overgrown megaphone in the upper left hand corner of the business office.

"That is a dictograph and records all the opera while it is being sung on the stage, so that sitting here you can hear the music perfectly and tell exactly how far the work has progessed. In Paris and some of the Continental opera houses every singer has one in his room and uses it in place of the ordinary callboy and shouted cues. The voices that carry best over it are Burrian's and Riccardo Martin's, while Gadski's is almost inarticulate. Of course the position on the stage has something to do with it, but there seems to be a certain acoustic quality in one voice that another will not have."

Herbert Witherspoon is the next arrival. He is tall, lank and wears a white kerchief in voluminous folds about his neck as if anxious to hide the fact that he has a throat and vocal cords. Under his arm is a big brown box.

"Mr. Witherspoon!" shouts one of the busy officials. "I see by the schedule of the tour that you are to sing in Detroit in a concert on the afternoon of March and in 'Lohengrin' in Chicago the same evening."

"Can't do it!" answers Mr. Witherspoon nonchalantly.

"Mr. Witherspoon cannot sing in Detroit and Chicago the same day," repeats the bilingual secretary to another, who notes amendment as aforesaid.

Marie Delna strolls along smilingly. On one side is her little daughter, to whom she is chatting vivaciously in French, on the other her husband, M. Adolph Henrich E. Prier de Saone, who wears a fierce mustache and all the hall marks of a dashing cavalry officer. They are off for their daily exercise, for Mme. Delna is very athletic, it is explained. She stops for a moment and admits that she has records for mountain climbing, tennis and bicycle riding, as well as for scaling opera scores.

Mme. Pavlowa enters quietly and fits herself in the turmoil of the room with cosmopolitan ease. She is accompanied by Michel Mordkine, who as soon as he enters the room perches on a high table by preference to the proffered chair.

The two Russian dancers recently arrived have more than a fair percentage of interest even from the staff accustomed to celebrities. They are to dance this evening at the house of Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney and have been practising on the opera house stage. The principal thing you notice about M. Mordkine is the shape of his silk hat, which resembles that of Mr. Hammerstein. It is rumored that he has been requested to change it. Mme. Pavlowa is very petite and graceful, with dark eyes, thin to the point of emaciation, her tiny wrists and ankles bearing little resemblance to the abnormal sized muscles of many of the première danseuses whom New York has seen from time to time.

Mme. Pavlowa is very becomingly dressed. Her long green coat of rough tweed is fur lined and opens over a simple cloth skirt edged with a broad band of fur and soft silk waist. On her head is a turban covered with many folds and big bows of black net, and below its edge peek choux of heliotrope silk fastening the black hair. She has huge pearl earrings, but wears no other jewelry. She is escorted to the door by the polyglot secretary, who makes a long farewell speech in perfect Russian.

HERTZ CONDUCTING A LETTER.

A HASTY SKETCH BY CARUSO.

WOMEN'S CLUBS COST MORE

A MILLION A YEAR SPENT ON THEM IN NEW YORK.

Dress and Entertaining Causes of the Growing Expenditure It Was Different in the Early Days—Demands on the Modern Clubwoman's Purse.

Some persons say that in her club expenses woman is overtopping man, that she is inclined to be more extravagant in this respect. Incidentally women once inclined to describe men's clubs as money wasters and a menace to home life. Now they say it under their breath if they say it at all. A comfortable looking husband commented with a chuckle on this fact after reading about the opening of still another equal suffrage headquarters uptown. Said he:

"One result of all this woman's rights business which we men appreciate is that we are now left in peace so far as our clubs are concerned. Once upon a time a family man had to invent excuses to explain his presence in a club window or else he was up against a long candle lecture. He needed diplomacy to achieve an evening at his club, many wives believing that men's clubs were respectable only for bachelors and that bachelors would be better off without them.

"That's how my wife talked till I discovered one day that she had joined two women's clubs, one of which dips into civic affairs, which explained why it often happened that she had not got home by the time I put my latchkey in the door close to dinner time. Since then I don't have to search around for an excuse when I want to spend an hour or two at my club and my wife has nothing more to say about the extravagance of married men belonging to clubs."

Even taking into account the Colony Club, which, says an authority on such matters, jumped up club women's yearly expenditures at least one-fourth, club men in the aggregate still spend more money than club women. Relatively, however, the amount spent by clubwomen is the larger, this authority reasons, taking into consideration the fact that the rank and file of women club members are either self-supporting or the wives of men of moderate income.

Not in this category, of course, are the Colony Club members, most of whom are wealthy, the club having been projected for women of that class. Generally speaking it does include the majority of the members of the nearly two hundred women's clubs now credited to Greater New York and 99 per cent. of which belong to the national, the State or the city federation. Most of these women are comfortably well off. The wealthy are conspicuously few. Nevertheless one estimate puts the amount of money spent annually by New York club women for expenses incidental to their clubs as $1,000,000 and this sum does not include clothes bills incurred in order to make a fine showing at special club meetings.

The number of members of the various organizations in New York which come under the head of women's clubs is variously estimated at from 11,000 to 12,000, therefore it is easily seen that even one new hat and gown each a season would increase the expenditure quoted enormously. This estimate, a pioneer club woman pointed out, is a significant indication of the remarkable change of late in the conduct of women's clubs.

Even now, with a few exceptions, these organizations have no clubhouses to maintain. Members are not assessed to meet deficits in rent and coal bills and servant hire. The million dollars is expended along ordinary lines not so very different from those followed when women's clubs were in their infancy, when Sorosis, the pioneer and now the dean of women's clubs, was organized with fifteen members. That was forty-odd years ago, since which time the style of entertaining and the standard set for women's entertainments and women's toilets have changed greatly.

Thirty or more years ago members of women's clubs were more or less indifferent to clothes. Provided they were respectably garbed they considered that every requirement was met. Bonnets and gowns two or three seasons behind the fashions were worn serenely by the women upon whom the club depended to make the cleverest speeches offhand and write the most learned papers. Except on state occasions, like the annual luncheon or when the club was the guest of some other organization and visitors of renown in the club world were present, the best gown remained safely in the dark closet at home. In fact the average club woman was once remarked for a lack of smartness in her every day appearance, and even the best dressers, as most persons know who have long been identified with club life, were very far from being walking fashion plates.

A club meeting in those days was not treated as an occasion for airing one's best clothes. For a long time Sorosis was the only club which had a restaurant luncheon served at each meeting, the others contenting themselves with an annual spread or with light refreshments occasionally at the house of some member able and willing to furnish them as a treat. Members of other clubs considered Sorosis highly extravagant to pay $1 a head for the luncheon served to the members by Delmonico in his old place in Fourteenth street, where the club's meetings were held.

There being few women's clubs twenty-five years ago and no national or State federation to take New York women away from their own city annual dues of $5 were in most cases ample to meet the club's expenses. With very few exceptions club members had no chance, had they wanted the chance, to dip into their pocketbooks for extras.

The twentieth century club woman has a different experience. To be sure there are many small clubs now which do not belong to the federations which have no set luncheon nor annual banquet and which do not exchange courtesies with other clubs whose members pay only $5 a year and find little need for spending more, but in the larger clubs members pay anywhere from $10 to $25 annual dues, and this, as a well known club woman made clear, is the smallest item in the yearly club expense account. Said the woman:

"The tendency in New York women's clubs is toward greater and greater extravagance, although none of us calls it extravagance, not seeing very well how it can be avoided. It is simply a keeping up with the times, which demands more outlay for rent, clothes, food and everything else.

"When women's clubs were young it was not the custom for women of moderate means to leave home often. Now women of every sort of means like to take trips and do take trips away from home as often as possible. Personally I know club women who are spending more than they ought to in this direction, but that is their own fault, not the fault of women's clubs.

"A friend I have in mind belongs to six clubs and never fails to attend every national convention and to accept invitations to banquets given by other clubs, which means that she must repay these courtesies in kind. She spends, she told me, at least $200 a year in her clubs and this does not include extra gowns and hats which probably would not be bought were it not that she wants to look especially well when a guest of honor on a platform or at a table.

"I know a woman whose five clubs cost her $500 a year, which she can well afford. Women's clubs do things on a big scale these days and many persons forget that travelling expenses, extra banquets, luncheons, receptions, a club pin and return courtesies individually and collectively are all outside of club dues.

"To some extent it rests with most women how much or how little they shall spend at their club. The average member may decline to take part in a banquet costing from $5 to $10 a plate or to take a trip to Washington or to San Francisco to attend a national convention without being questioned or giving offence. She may decline too, invitations from members of other clubs which she would be obliged to return in kind. I say the average member may do this.

"In every club, though, there are leaders—show pieces, my husband calls them—upon whom the club depends more or less on special occasions, and it is not so easy for these women to slide out of making such engagements. The friend I mentioned is one of these. She is a ready speaker, she is very good looking and she is inclined to make herself agreeable on all occasions. Her temper is not easily ruffled.

"What is more she is not averse to being in the limelight.

"As a result her purse is stretched to the last limit sometimes, I know; and yet I heard the other day that she had been urged to join another club and intended to do so.

"One thing which has raised the cost of belonging to a club is the necessity of meeting at a hotel or other place which has a large enough room to accommodate one hundred or more guests, most of the popular clubs having from seventy-five to two hundred or more members. For them to meet around at private houses is impossible.

"Equally impossible, the officers say, is it to meet in cheap quarters in an out of the way neighborhood. Only the best hotels, centrally located, can be chosen for the meetings, and the rent paid for fine accommodations is a big item; but the members will have it so. Club luncheons and banquets are always given at the leading hotels nowadays regardless of expense.

"I shall not soon forget the storm of opposition I raised by suggesting that the annual luncheon of one of my clubs should take place at a hotel on the upper West Side of town which I knew would serve a first class menu at a somewhat lower figure than that charged by the Fifth avenue hotels. Had I advised having no luncheon at all the members, especially those least well supplied with pocket money, could not have shown more consternation. The question was put to vote, resulting in a count 43 to 5 in favor of luncining in Fifth avenue.

"I never made that mistake again, particularly after one plain little woman said to me: 'Why, I have been looking forward ever since I joined the club to sitting down to a big luncheon at a Fifth avenue hotel.'

"The luncheon which Charles Delmonico gave Sorosis forty years ago for $1 would cost at least $3 now and the rent of a room such as Sorosis met in then would easily be five times as much.

"There is no doubt that clubwomen in general now pay far more attention to clothes than the pioneers did and I am inclined to think this is a good thing. Almost any woman finds life better worth living when she is well dressed, and any incentive to dress well is a good thing in my opinion.

"At the start clubwomen were mostly of the gifted, well educated class intent on more important issues than the cut of a gown or the angle of a hat. They didn't care much whether their nose was powdered or not. None dreamed of having handy in her pocketbook rouge, powder and mirror.

"As women's clubs increased in number and membership naturally many varieties of women came together, offering as many varieties in the quality and style of clothes and furnishing a fine chance for comparisons. Comparisons, by the way, are not always odious. In this instance at least they resulted in raising the standard of clubwomen's toilets.

"Then when the big hotels were built and public club dinners attended by both men and women were inaugurated even the most careless and dowdy of women began to take more and more notice of her clothes, pay more and more attention to becoming attire. I have seen this happen over and over again in individual cases and I have rejoiced even though I wasn't sure whether the woman could afford it or not.

"It is perfectly true that some New York clubwomen dress more elaborately at club meetings than the occasion warrants, but provided they can afford it I don't think this is as great a fault as to present a shabby appearance.

"Carriage hire is a big item now in many a clubwoman's expense account. Last year for example it happened that nearly every time I attended a club meeting at which I was a guest of honor or where I was to be more in evidence than usual—I am an officer in two clubs—and when I wanted to look unusually well I had to make the trip in a hard storm, meaning that I had to call a cab. It doesn't pay, I have decided, to risk ruining a gown, to say nothing of your temper, for the sake of saving $4, which is what it cost me to be taken to and from the hotel where the meetings were held.

"Fortunately I can afford this extra expense better than some women I know, but I have never had the courage to count up just what my club transportation bill amounted to last season."

"I now only belong to one club," said a woman who formerly belonged to three clubs, "because I can't afford to keep up my end in more than one. It's easy enough to say that you need not attend conventions and extra luncheons, dinners and so on or accept courtesies which must be returned, but that would make things very stupid for a member. Better not belong to a club at all, say I, if you can't do your part and act like a clubwoman.

"Yes, in the last few years the cost of belonging to any of the leading women's clubs has soared."

JAPANESE MANNERS

As Observed by an American Tourist on a Railroad Train.

YOKOHAMA, Feb. 20.—An American traveller who had heard much of Japanese politeness was witness to an incident the other day which was far from confirming his expectations in the matter. The incident involved two Japanese men and one Japanese woman.

Maybe Nipponese ideas of the attentions due to women differ from those that obtain in America, but certainly when a woman in New York, Chicago, Denver, San Francisco or any other American city drops a handkerchief on the floor of a public conveyance she would not have to pick it up herself if there were men about.

An American sat at one end of a first class railway carriage going from Yokohama to Tokio, while at the other end sat the Japanese woman with the two Japanese men opposite to her. The woman was looking out of the window and did not notice that her handkerchief had fallen out of her lap.

The handkerchief fell on the edge of a cuspidor. Somebody had been smoking and the border of the handkerchief came in contact with the stump of a still burning cigar. Even though the handkerchief was in danger of being scorched her neighbors made no effort to pick it up. The American had started forward to rescue and restore it when one of the Japanese displayed sufficient gallantry to nudge its owner, point to the handkerchief and then allow her to pick it up herself.

KEEPS FISH WITHOUT WATER

DEVICE OF A WOMAN WHO HAS A PRIVATE HATCHERY.

Mrs. Frank M. Johnson the Successful Experimenter—Oxygen Fed Tank the Means—She and Her Husband Both Deeply Interested in Study of Fish Life.

Mrs. Frank M. Johnson, wife of a Boston surgeon, has devised a method of keeping fish alive without water. Both Mrs. Johnson and her husband are deeply interested in fish culture and have at Springfield, N. H., a private fishery of their own. Mrs. Johnson, who is now staying in New York, gives this account of her device:

"I always was a lover of outdoor life, and after my husband became wrapped up in his fish hatcheries I was soon so enthused by his experiments that I took it up with him.

"After a time we naturally fell to experimenting with all manner of fish life, not only together but in a sort of rivalry. It was in some of these experiments that I perfected my device that enables fish to live without water. I was not at our hatchery at the time I made the discovery, but in my house in Boston, and when I actually proved that my theory was right I stepped to the phone and called up my husband at his office and told him of it. 'No?' he replied. 'Yes,' I said. Then he came home to see it.

"I first took a large glass jar, much longer than wide, in the bottom of which I placed a thick pad of dampened felt. Then near the top of the jar I put in an intake tube on one side and an exhaust tube on the other. Midway in the jar I put a little screen shelf on which I laid the fish. After moistening its gills with water I closed the top of the jar and started oxygen to work, simply pumping it in the jar in the ordinary way. I not only kept the first fish alive but experimented on others and they thrived for days and weeks."

"But what keeps the fish from flopping about on the screen in the manner of fish when out of water?"

"Because it is intoxicated. The fish is simply drunk with oxygen and lies there inflating its gills as regularly as when in water.

"You can imagine how valuable this discovery may prove to Government hatcheries when you stop to think that in shipping fish across the continent to stock streams and rivers the Government uses an especially arranged car for its purposes. This is so built that the water is forced 'round and 'round in the tank in order to supply fresh oxygen, which not only keeps the fish agitated but often results in great loss of life as well.

"A car built on the oxygen plan, which I have now proved to be practical, will keep the fish quiet and the oxygen will keep them alive until they reach their destination, when they can be returned to the water.

"Fish are experimented upon, you understand, by Governments in order to bring fish life up to its highest standard as a food. The poor of this country and others must have fish as a food, and this is why hundreds of thousands of dollars are expended to breed certain species to a hardihood that will make it possible to live in waters hitherto unknown. Take the Mississippi River, for instance, slow, sluggish water, where all sorts of experimenting has been done in determining what fish will live there. Carp were put there by the Government because they will live there and because the poor can depend upon them as an edible. Catfish, buffalo fish and other hardy fish were placed there for the same reason by the million.

"At our fishery in New Hampshire, which by the way is named Ko-le-le-mook, an Indian word meaning good fishing and good hunting, we are back in the hills twenty miles from railroad, and I stay there from the first of March until the streams are frozen over. Our fishery is the only one where artificial feeding is not resorted to. All our fish feed naturally. We have one large lake of thirty acres with a system of several ponds, all connected by dropping the water level of each a little lower than the other.

"The Government people have been particularly kind to me, too, and have afforded me many opportunities to experiment in fish life. Whenever they want a painstaking experiment performed they notify me and I am only too eager to take it up. Our life up at Ko-le-le-mook is simply roughing it all summer long. We have a so-called shanty to live in and the hills and ponds to fill our lives. I have been experimenting in fish culture myself over seven years. Fish are attacked with all sorts of diseases, and I set out with success to cure some of them. I also cross fish and breed hybrids and each year I get more interested. We have a superintendent on the farm, and Dr. Johnson spends every minute of time there that he can take away from his practice."

LIFE IN THE SUBWAY.

A Courteous Conductor Finds a Seat for a Standing Woman Passenger.

In the days when the street car conductor worked forth and back through the car collecting fares he would sometimes pause to ask some selfish, sprawled out people to move up and make room for somebody that was standing. He can't do that now, running a pay as you enter car, nor can the conductor on a subway train either, for he too is supposed to stay on the platform; but in a case that came under observation lately a subway conductor did give some of the passengers a little lesson in politeness.

Into the forward car on this train came a woman who, finding no seat in its rear section, walked on to the front, there however, to find no seat and so there to remain standing, the only person standing in the car. Then presently the conductor came forward to find a seat for her. He saw that on the right hand side of the forward section there was plenty of room if the people sitting there would slew around so as to occupy no more than their rightful space; and now calmly he waved them into their proper spaces and thus made room easily for the last incoming woman passenger, after which he went calmly back to his post.

All of which would seem to show that while the conductor may be supposed to be glued to one spot he may still preserve the old instinct that prompts him to find room for his passengers.